

Yoda VS Godzilla

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Yoda VS Godzilla

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Summary

In which the former violently lobotomizes the latter

YODA LOBOTOMIZES GODZILLA

One typical blockbuster-movie day in the bustling metropolis of Tokyo, Godzilla was rampaging around and destroying buildings for no apparent reason while helicopters, airplanes and tanks bonbarded him from all directions, as always...except for one very important detail, which would be the fact that Yoda from Star Wars had suddenly appeared out of nowhere through some sort of interuniversal wormhole to challenge him!

"Stop threatening the well-being of humanity, you must! Destroy you in whatever way the space gods see fit, I must!" Yoda looked up at Godzilla (who immediately looked straight down to meet his gaze, naturally) and yelled irritably at him, cringing in disgust at the innumerable amount of destroyed vehicles and buildings surrounding him as Godzilla angrily brought his overpoweringly massive foot down onto him, resulting in a nice big satisfying SPLAT!

"Ha, what an utterly powerless fool..." Godzilla thought to himself, examining the beautifully wrinkled sole of his left foot and uproariously laughing at the huge bright-green Fake Yoda splotch on its arch as the real Yoda promptly clambered up onto the back of his right heel and began stealthily climbing his way up Godzilla's backside like a pesky little green ant.

"Hmm...thick skin, you have! But unfortunately far TOO thick to notice my Jedi Cloning trick, you skull evidently is!" Yoda thought amusedly to himself with a condescending smirk, making his way gradually up Godzilla's legs as the unfathomably massive beast stormed around crushing countless army tanks underneath his gargantuan feet.

"The butt of many, MANY humiliating jokes once I'm through with you, you are most definitely going to be!" Yoda thought increasingly angrily to himself, scrambling his way up the left one of Godzilla's incredibly firm and scaly buttocks and past his suffocatingly tight and wrinkly tailhole

just as the beast started taking a brief five-second break from the action to scratch his sexy, beautiful bottom while the pilots surrounding him hypnotically drooled in dumbfounded amazement.

"Unexpectedly back in action, Yoda is!" Yoda thought intently to himself as he began passionately scaling Godzilla's immaculately smooth and sculpted back, taking great care to avoid the spikes in the middle of it while the monster grabbed not one but two fighter jets right out of the sky and ate them one after the other, just like how Americans eat fried chicken drumsticks.

"Where things finally come to an incredibly satisfying HEAD, this is!" Yoda cackled internally and somewhat evilly to himself as he climbed his way up the side of Godzilla's neck and hastily slithered his way up into the woefully unaware beast's right earhole while Godzilla was busy roaring his ever-loving head off, shattering all the windows of every vehicle and building around him and luckily providing just enough sound cover for Yoda's setting (bare) foot in one of his hearing tunnels to surprisingly go unnoticed for the time being.

"Absolutely no idea I'm in here, he has! Perfect, this is!" Yoda thought maliciously to himself, rubbing his grubby old space-alien hands together like a fly and using his totally-not-blatantly-made-up-on-the-spot Force Night Vision power to light the way as he quickly, quietly tiptoed his way through the fleshy, hair-forested internal surface of Godzilla's shockingly clean and spacious auditory canal, admiring the numerous incredibly fascinating species of alien insect that had gotten stuck in neatly formed cube-shaped clumps of the oblivious space monster's earwax while the beast was busy blowing up the legendary Rainbow Bridge with atomic laser-breath beams.

"Mere child's play for me, this is!" Yoda thought somewhat arrogantly to himself as he promptly reached Godzilla's incredibly shiny and sensitive tympanic membrane (eardrum), using his unbelievably power Force telekinesis to painlessly bend the bottom of said eardrum backward, providing the little green mastermind with a perfectly-sized crawlspace to slither his way through into the even more delicate and sensitive internal workings of Godzilla's inner ear while the beast became profoundly suspicious of his recent auditory intruder's presence and began rudely digging and twisting his right finger into the respective earhole to flush the "bug" out!

"Ha, looks like it really WAS nothing after all!" Godzilla laughed internally to himself as he fished out a nice big clump of assorted wax-coated bugs from his ear and ate them, with Yoda actually beginning to hear the monster's thoughts emanating from deep inside his relatively small head as he was dutifully processed through Godzilla's semicircular canals and cochlea (causing the beast to embarrassedly, dizzily stumble back and forth, naturally) before finally being ejected out into the control room of the blissfully unaware monstrosity's deceptively colossal brain, which predictably housed a massive, profoundly cartoonish supercomputer!

"Weak and feeble before the pure unbridled might of my Force powers, your mind is!" Yoda cackled deviously to himself as he kneeled down on the wrinkly, spongy, vibrantly pulsating floor of Godzilla's behavioral control center, placed his hand on it and squinted his eyes tightly shut as a way of using his fabled Jedi Mind Trick to read the supercomputer's login password directly from the poor simple-minded creature's memory banks while he was busy eating buildings like colossal french fries outside.

"Exist in your current predicament, privacy does not!" Yoda cackled evilly to himself as he fraudulently logged himself into Godzilla's brain using the password PASSWORD, and then, after a brief fap to the blissfully unaware beast's pornographic memories of intense sexual activity with the dreadedly large-breasted Goddess-Zilla (as well as a slightly less brief making-Godzilla-humiliatingly-dance-the-solo-tango stint), used an advanced form of Jedi mind trick to hack even further into the surprisingly fascinating creature's brain and unlock the wrinkly gray door that just

so happened to be conspicuously conveniently placed on the back wall right next to the computer, with the label REGENERATIVE CORE right above it for good measure.

"Ah, here it is; Godzilla's precious Regenerative Core, this is." Yoda thought excitedly to himself, unhesitantly drawing out his lightsaber at the spherical, fleshy, pulsating, interconnected-between-the-ceiling-and-floor-and-walls mass of tangled red/blue veins that laid before him as Godzilla concentrated very deeply and suddenly began to unmistakably feel the legendary Jedi master's light and sneaky but still incredibly firm footsteps echoing through his highly advanced central nervous system from immensely deep within the inner workings of his brain...but alas, it was already too late.

"Amigo, adios!" Yoda laughed regretfully, shedding several manly tears as he shredded Godzilla's Regenerative Core into itty-bitty little pieces and severed every single one of its internal brain-connection cords with his lightsaber, causing an extremely loud INTRUDER ALERT alarm to begin ringing in the poor monstrosity's head, which he promptly began clutching and running around in circles in a fit of panic as Yoda made his way up into Godzilla's neural transit center and prepared himself to deliver the disgustingly violent coup-de-grace.

"In order, your gratuitously violent and unprofessionalized lobotomy is!" Yoda began laughing maniacally as he leapt and swung to and fro, from wall to wall of Godzilla's now-completely-defenseless brain, slicing his intricately tangled jungle of neural transmission wires one by one with his lightsaber before finally traveling straight into the poor bastard's frontal lobe and readying himself to perform the inevitable.

"Need a license to satiate a demented fanfiction writer's head-intrusion fetish, you clearly do not!" Yoda laughed psychotically as he frantically, sharp-clawedly scurried about all over the delightfully delicate, fragile and already massively internally-bleeding surface of Godzilla's poor, ignorant brain like the small but horrifically lethal insect he currently was to him, using his lightsaber to violently and virulently shred it into bloody, spongy bits from the inside-out of each individual lobe (starting with the frontal lobe, then the parietal lobe, then the occipital lobe, then finally the temporal lobe) while the poor defenseless beast loudly shrieked and wailed in pain, before finally twirling around on his pointy little tippy-toes and collapsing dead onto the metropolitan, concrete ground as copious amounts of blood began leaking out of his nose and ears.

"Work, all in a day's!" Yoda boasted anti-heroically, posing gallantly and barefootedly atop what remarkably little was left of Godzilla's brain stem with his lightsaber held skywardly high in the name of gratuitous goodwill and justice while his training droid snapped a photo that would be firmly engraved into the local (and worldwide) Internet nerd-culture headlines for years to come.

THE END

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